

Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, FRIDAY, MAY 28.

The Law of the Christian Profession.

"Not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many that they may be saved." Such is the sentiment adopted by the apostle, and which he presents to his brethren at Corinth for their imitation. This should be the motto of every Christian, and so far as we follow Christ, it certainly will be our principle of feeling and of conduct. "None of us liveth to himself," says the Bible in behalf of the whole church of Christ. "The chief end of man," according to the first article in the creed of the world, is to glorify self and enjoy it forever, and amid all the jarring and conflicting views and pursuits of mankind, they are generally well enough agreed in this; which of course is a sort of admission admirably adapted to produce a vast amount of discord and disagreement. But the Christian has professed to renounce this creed, and on the contrary to make it his chief end to glorify God by doing good in the world, and then to enjoy Him forever. If the disciples of Christ differ in other things, they are bound to agree in this; and so far as they do, according to the true spirit of the gospel, harmony and peace will prevail among them, whatever may be their diversity of views and sentiments. This is the true basis, and must be the main element of a genuine evangelical alliance. "Not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved."

Here is a contrast which gives intensity to the expression. The apostle balances his own profit against the profit of many. As if he had said, What though, by making my own interests paramount, I might even lawfully secure those interests, yet after all it is but the profit of myself—the welfare of a single individual; but here around me are "many"—here are hundreds, thousands, millions, each of whom has a soul outweighing a world in value—and shall I allow the spirit of self-pleasing and self-seeking to interfere with the claims of this prodigious multitude? God forbid! "Even as Christ pleased not himself," so let me be found, "not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved." Let this become the general sentiment and feeling of professed Christians, and how long will men and means be lacking for the evangelization of the world? But how can we discard this, and yet be true Christians?

Short Sermon

By A. LATHAM.

And the servants of the king of Syria said unto him: Their gods are the gods of the hill; therefore they were stronger than we; but let us fight against them in the plain, and surely we shall be stronger than they. —1 Kings xxi. 23.

Ben-hadad, king of Syria, had assembled all his host together, a mighty army, with thirty and two kings as his confederates, for the purpose of besieging Samaria. And he went up and besieged Samaria, and warred against it. And he sent messengers to Ahab, king of Israel, saying, thy silver and thy gold is mine, thy wives also and thy children, even the godliest are mine. The king of Israel, answered, by the force of numbers answered, My Lord, O king, according to thy saying, I am thine, even all that I have. But Ben-hadad was not satisfied with this, and he sent messengers again, who demanded in the name of their king, not only the silver and gold and the wives and children of the king of Israel, but that the houses of the city should be searched, and whatever was pleasant to the eyes of the king, that also he would have.

Then the king of Israel assembled a council of war by calling the elders of the land together and stating unto them all that Ben-hadad had demanded of him; when it was decided that Ahab should not hearken unto him, nor consent to his demands. On the receipt of Ahab's answer, Ben-hadad threatened vengeance, and sent in word to Ahab thus:—The gods do so unto me and more also, if the dust of Samaria shall suffice for handfuls for all the people that follow me. A battle followed this parley, in which the king of Israel with seven thousand men was completely successful over the army of Ben-hadad and his thirty-and two kings; the young men of Israel slaying every one his man and putting the whole host of the enemy to flight. Probably one reason why Ahab gained this decisive victory was because, when the battle commenced, Ben-hadad was drinking himself drunk, in the pavilions, he and the thirty-and two kings that helped him.

The Syrians chagrined and mortified at their defeat were anxious for another battle in order to regain their honor, and they went to their king and said: Their gods are gods of the hill, therefore they were stronger than we; but let us fight against them in the plain and surely we shall be stronger than they. And at the end of the year Ben-hadad numbered the Syrians, and raised an army like that he had lost, horses for horses, and chariot for chariot; and went up to Ahab to fight against Israel. And the children of Israel were numbered and were all present. And there came a man of God and spoke unto the king of Israel and said: Thus saith the Lord, because the Syrians have said, The Lord is God of the hills, he is not God of the valleys, therefore will I deliver all this great multitude into thy hands: will I deliver all that I am unto the Lord. And they pitched one over against the other seven days, and on the seventh day they joined battle; and the children of Israel slew of the Syrians a hundred thousand footmen in one day.—The rest fled into the city and there a wall fell upon twenty and seven thousand of the men that were left.

Thus did God show to the Syrians, that he was not only God of the hills but of the valleys also—that his power was as great in one place as in another. The Israelites learned, too, that it was safe to trust in God; for he had told them by the mouth of the prophet previous to the first battle, that he would give them the victory. They learned another fact, likewise; viz: that it is dangerous to doubt the power of the Almighty; for he assigned to Ahab as a reason why he would overthrow the Syrians the second time, the charge that they brought against him: "Their god is a god of the hill, but not a god of the valley."

INFERENCES:

1. It is dangerous to dispute the power of God. The Syrians did so and were destroyed. They had the advantage over Israel in point of numbers—they selected their battle-ground—they doubted the ability of Israel's God to save his people, and were totally overthrown.

2. It was always safe to trust the promises of God. The Israelites did this, and with an army of seven thousand men defeated the army of the Syrians consisting of more than a hundred thousand.

3. There are those at the present day who profess to believe the Bible, and yet, like the Syrians, they seem to forget that God is a God of the valley as well as of the hill. They will talk of the need of a revival of pure and undefiled religion;—but they are not willing to believe that the time has yet arrived for it to take place. Wait till a more convenient season, say they,—till next winter, when the evenings will be longer and business will not interfere, and then we may look for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit and a revival of the work of God. Such men resemble the Syrians who believed the God of Israel was able to defend his people on the hills but was not able to do so on the plains.—Such faith is dangerous, for our subject teaches us that the God in whom we believe is everywhere the same. He is not only God of the hills and valleys, but of the sea also. The summer and the winter are all the same to him; and if those who profess to put their trust in Him will but call upon him in faith, they will find that he is as ready to bless his people at one season of the year as at another.

Correspondence of the Secretary.

The Journey from Baltimore to Wheeling—Scenes along the Ohio—Worship on the Boat—Sabbath at Portsmouth—Arrival at Cincinnati—Meeting of the Missionary Board.

CINCINNATI, MAY 19, 1847.

We left Baltimore early in the morning of Thursday, the 13th inst., and proceeded to Cumberland by railroad over a distance of about 150 miles, traversing parts of Maryland and Virginia. The natural scenery in many places along the way was truly delightful, grand and beautiful. The forests covered with dense foliage, and vocal with the music of birds; the verdant meadows and fields of grain, springing up under the influence of a warm sun; the circling streams, tripping among the hills; the bold mountains, lifting their rocky brows to the sky—were all objects upon which the eye rested with a high degree of pleasure and satisfaction. We dined at Harper's Ferry, where the scenery is wild, romantic and enchanting, surpassing perhaps the sublimest views along the Hudson River. A succession of varying mountains is seen, seeming to pierce the sky, elevating in striking grandeur their almost perpendicular walls of granite, or trap, or slate. On one side there might be nothing discovered but rugged, projecting rocks, on another a beautiful sloping forest, and at the base flowed a lovely transparent and winding stream, in which the gorgeous scenes above were sweetly minnowed below. In all this, who could help hearing the silent yet awe-inspiring voice of Deity?

From Cumberland we went to Wheeling on the Virginia side of the Ohio River, by stage, over the National Road, a distance of nearly 140 miles. The scenery among the mountains was attractive and grand, but so long a stage ride by night and day was tedious and tiresome. We arrived at Wheeling on Friday evening, and were soon in the steamer "Clipper," No. 2, bound for Cincinnati. In passing through the portions of Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, that lay along our route, before reaching the Ohio river, we were continually struck with the mean and uncomfortable appearance of the human habitations that met our gaze. A log hut, or a rough board house, with a stone chimney on the outside, was the most common dwelling, while the country around seemed generally to be good and productive. One from New England also fails to see the new church and tidy school-house, except at very long intervals. The want of Yankee enterprise was everywhere observable. But for the most part we were passing along the borders of the domain of slavery, and its blighting effects were apparently evident. We saw a number of those human "chattels," and how gladly would we have made them freemen if we could. God speed the day when their fetters shall be broken, and when the light of education and religion shall illuminate their minds and purify their hearts.

Our passage down the Ohio was exceedingly pleasant and delightful. I ought to have mentioned before this, that we had, from Baltimore, excellent travelling company, composed of Baptist ministers and laymen and ladies, from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York and Philadelphia. The views along the Ohio river, at this season, are many of them delightfully pleasing. We saw Blanckenshaw's Island on Saturday morning, a place immortalized by the eloquence of Wirt, in the trial of Aaron Burr. Though a romantic and beautiful spot, yet it falls short of the enchanting paradise which it was represented to be by the classic Oracle. As Saturday evening came on, we found that it would be impossible to reach Cincinnati before eight or nine o'clock on Sabbath morning. Rather than violate the sanctity of the Lord's day, most of our number concluded to stop, though at some pecuniary sacrifice, at Portsmouth, on the Ohio side, and wait till Monday before proceeding to Cincinnati. Very little regard is paid to the Sabbath by proprietors of steamboats and by travellers generally on our Western rivers, and it is to be feared that professing Christians often violate the sacred Sabbath with the multitude. About nine o'clock Saturday evening, we had religious services in the Saloon, in which were gathered nearly all the passengers on the boat. After singing an appropriate hymn, where many voices blended in sweet and holy harmony, Rev. S. Peck, of Boston, read a portion of Scripture, and Rev. G. B. Colton, of Philadelphia, led in prayer. A scene so solemn and delightful must have had a beneficial influence on every heart. After this, I walked the deck for an hour of that beautiful evening, with an endeared friend, once the beloved pastor of the church of which my parents and my paternal grand-parents were members, and where, when a child and youth, I had often attended. We recounted the scenes of the past, and referred to many a hallowed reminiscence of by-gone days. My friend had passed through many vicissitudes and afflictive trials; yet the great goodness of the Lord has been constantly with him, to cheer his heart and crown with abundant success his arduous labors in the service of his blessed Master.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when we landed at Portsmouth. The Sabbath was a beautiful day. There is no church of our denomination in the place, which contains a population of some three or four thousand. The arrival of so many Baptist ministers created quite a sensation. The pastors of the Methodist, Presbyterians, and, however strange it may appear, Episcopal churches kindly invited us to supply their pulpits, and each held an extra service, that as much preaching as possible might be secured. Rev. E. Tucker preached in the morning in the Methodist church, Rev. T. F. Caldicott in the afternoon, and Rev. J. L. Hodge in the evening. Rev. S. Peck preached in the Presbyterian church in the afternoon, and Rev. E. Bright, Jun.

in the evening. Rev. J. N. Grenger preached in the Episcopal church in the afternoon, and Rev. S. D. Phelps in the evening. The Rector of the last named church appears to be a liberal-minded and piously devoted and able minister of the gospel.—He invited several of us to take tea at his house, and remarked that there was nothing in the canons of their church to shut from their pulpits evangelical ministers of other denominations. Bishop McElvane exerts a truly Christian influence throughout his diocese. He preached at Portsmouth Sabbath before we arrived there.

We reached Cincinnati very early Tuesday morning, and friends came to the boat to conduct us to the places assigned us by the committee of arrangements to entertain the delegates to the Missionary Union. Yesterday at ten o'clock, the Board of Managers met in the Ninth street Baptist church. The President and Recording Secretary not being present, Rev. Elisha Tucker, of New York, was appointed to fill the first, Rev. Morgan J. Rhodes, of Delaware, the second of those offices. A good number of members or delegates, are already present, and many more are expected. The business of the Board is being done with harmony and despatch. The meeting thus far has been very interesting and useful. More in my next.

EDSYTHEL.

Am. & For. Bible Society.

Following is the Address of Rev. Dr. Cone, delivered before the Bible Society, at its late anniversary in New York:

Brethren and Friends of the Bible Cause:—We welcome you to another anniversary of the American and Foreign Bible Society. Although some of the Southern auxiliaries have withdrawn from our Union and we have not been able to obtain several appeals for want of a charter—yet the receipts of the current year exceed those of the corresponding twelve months of the preceding year, and we have therefore good reason to thank God, and take courage.

Unity of purpose and great harmony of action have characterized the meetings of your Board of Managers, and their various and oft-times onerous duties have been discharged with promptitude and cheerfulness.

Our opponents, by their relentless and persevering hostility, have frustrated our oft-repeated efforts to procure from the State Legislature an act of incorporation; and we must now wait until, according to the provisions of the new constitution, an act shall be passed under which all the religious and benevolent institutions in the State may secure a name in law. We shall then be competent to receive and hold moneys bequeathed us by the friends of God and man, even though we should persist in maintaining that Jesus Christ was immersed by John the Baptist, and that the patron of this Society ought not to be disfurnished for following Him as dear children.

All that has been said or done against this Society, has been excused or justified from the fact that it was called into existence by Baptists, and great pains have been taken to impress this fact upon the public mind. Who denies it? What other denomination is prepared to take for its motto "The Bible Translated?" Not one! Were this sentiment universally received and obeyed by real Christians—the one Lord, one Faith, and one Baptism of the New Testament, would no longer be a dead letter, but a living and descriptive truth. But whatever may be said about the organization of the Society, we hope and pray that the principle upon which it is founded may not be confined to the Baptists, but speedily come to be an axiom in the creed and practice of all Bible translators. God forbid that his word should be bound! Let it run, when their fetters shall be broken, and when the light of education and religion shall illuminate their minds and purify their hearts.

The Unitarian Society of this city have just placed an organ in the "Church of the Saviour," as they style it. All the organists, and lovers of music in the city, were invited to attend the other evening for the purpose of giving it a fair trial, and deciding upon its merits as a musical instrument: but as we were not there to see, we are unable to inform the public of the true value of the thing; but a long communication appeared in the daily papers a day or two after, from a good judge of music we presume, lauding the instrument to the skies. It says:

"Of the delicacy and sweetness of the reeds, we can convey no impression. We regard them as decidedly superior to any others which we have ever heard, except some of those by the same makers. The trumpet is a triumph of art; it has great brilliancy, yet is deliciously mellow and plaintive; nor are the hautboy and cromorne less perfect.—The tones of the night-horn are liquid warblings, expressively melodious, and the viol degambus, in its distant and fitful harmonies, suggests to the imagination symphonies from an upper world."

We should like to know what these "reeds," "trumpets," "hautboys," "cromones," "night-horns," "viol degambus," "liquid warblings," "fitful harmonies," &c., have to do with the true worship of God? or how God is worshipped with such things? "The degambus," says the writer, "in its distant and fitful harmonies, suggests to the imagination symphonies from an upper world."

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CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

LETTERS TO THE RT. REV. JOHN HUGO, Roman Catholic Bishop of New York. By Kirwan.

ONERS IN MEXICO.—C. M. Clay officers, at the last accounts, were in the city of Mexico, where little aid to their wants. When Gen. soner in New Orleans, every at him that could have been last distinguished visitor, and when the hope that he might have reciprocate the kindness with treated; but he paid no regard to his go home. He is now a Vera Cruz, where he enjoys the and plays the gentleman. There expression on the part of the exico in consequence of this un-

cess.—Five young men em- country, seven years ago, on their as missionaries to the colored ical. The second day after their in the streets of Kingston an series. They found that a depa- men had come from the inter- ector who would go and reside first emancipated, they had themselves that they must have a g, for his accommodation, erecte they habitually assembled to would send them a teacher— of waiting for an answer, they know but our prayers have been go to Kingston and see."

men with those simple-hearted a field waiting for the reaper. es, says the Recorder, have es- which contain more than members, and have seven schools, seminary, and seminaries, besides a high teachers and preachers who soon do the colored people an religion themselves, than they pray for their "father-land."

TURE.—At Beyrouth, Syria, has formed a native Asso- ciated chiefly of young Syrians, the history and literature of the anxiously collecting a library, to comprise all known Arabic

OF INHUMANITY.—The Dublin on the contributions in money the relief of the starving Irish, demand that the money from the be sent back. The proposition the famishing, but from the full- Dublin, who affirmed, according it would be far better to let it to do than to save them to doom, by expending for their obtained from such sources."

Mc'NEE'S LIFE AND WRITINGS. 2 vols. New York. R. Carter. For sale by Brockett & Fuller.

O. S. Stearns, late of New- tification, was ordained as pastor First Church in Southbridge, Mass., 19th inst.

prosperity enjoyed in a number of Rhode Island, it is pleasing to re- forms us that in the First Baptist Church and to become their pastor, and his new field of labor. His Post Master will be "Williamite,"

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which will occupy a portion during the remainder of the ses- sive the usual variety under the of the week. We shall endeavor as brief as possible, by the and the notice of petitions and finally acted upon, and at the render a fair summary fully done by the Legislature.

who was killed at Buena Vista by President Polk.

MEMORIAL.—Hon. Jesse Sprague, Mississippi, died at his residence in that state on the 1st of May.

Publications.

ING A BAPTIST. By Rev. S.

rising 92 pages small 18 mo. are placed on our table by

It will be recollected by most

Remington left the Metho-

something over a year since, in the pamphlet be- reasons for becoming a Bap- tist at the same time, clear and ar-

We consider the book a val-

for those persons who are p- churh, and are dissat- e of baptism. They will find very valuable aid in directing their way. It will also prove a very ac- ving converts, who have not yet

the press of the N. E. S. S. Un- der is designed for children— based on facts and are well

salutary impression on the reader. Sold by Brockett &

CHOIR. N. E. S. S. Union, singing hymns, chants, &c., set

Paine, organist at Bowdoin there is a competent teach- with the Sabbath School, the thing for a musical tex- et and Fuller.

Hugh Gilston, " Sherman. William T. Minor, " Stamford. Daniel Hatch, State Director in Bridgeport Bank, to Com. on Banks.

Half past 10.—Amendments of the Constitution.

The first proposed amendment, providing that the sessions of the General Assembly shall be held in December instead of May, was taken up.

After some debate for and against the proposed amendment, it was carried; so the question will be submitted to the people next spring. We think the change would be an unwise one, inasmuch as it would increase the length of the session very materially.

The amendment extending suffrage to blacks was last—yea 142, nays 68.—(46 being necessary.)

The amendment placing the election of Judges of Probate in the hands of the people, was lost—118 yeas, 90 nays.

Friday Morning, May 21.

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Patton.

The Judiciary Committee reported unfavorably on the bill providing that tanners who are not licensed by the Select Men, may in certain cases apply to the County Court. The bill was negatived.

The same Committee reported a bill (as a substitute) providing that two swine or two swine, belonging to the individual, shall be exempt from attachment. The Bill referred to the Committee was negatived. Substitute, providing for the protection of two swine, after some discussion between Messrs. Waldo, Kendrick and Cleveland, was laid upon the table.

Judiciary Committee reported adversely on the Resolution relative to the alteration of Probate Districts, and were discharged from its further consideration.

Resolution of citizens of Litchfield County, for a Railroad Charter, for a road along the Naugatuck River, read and referred to R. R. Com.

Resolution authorizing the printing of 500 additional copies of the Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools—passed.

Bill holding the corporation and contractors of the New York and New Haven Railroad responsible for the expenses incurred by the disabled employees by them, read 2d.

Electoral Law.—The day next, at 10 o'clock A. M., was made the order of the day, for the election of a Judge of the Superior Court, in place of Hon. Samuel Church, who has been elected Chief Justice.

Consideration of the report of committee on divorce, on the petition of Eliza Palmer for a divorce, resumed. Resolution granting a divorce, passed.

Resolution passed, appointing Thomas B. Atwill, Judge of the County Court of Fairfield County, to a joint standing committee on petition of John M. Sabine for a divorce, reported favorably, after considerable discussion upon the propriety of granting divorces generally.

Mr. Eaton called up his resolution, requiring the School Fund Commissioner to lay before the House the list of the mortgages held by the Fund, by whom given, &c. Passed unanimously.

Saturday Morning, May 22.

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Turnbull.

Divorce committee reported favorably on petition of Lucy Shulton for a change of name. Resolution passed.

An act to confirm debts and bonds executed with the same—passed.

Judiciary committee reported a bill increasing the recording fee of Town Clerks, in cases of length debts, &c. The bill came from the Senate negatived, but the House passed it—132 to 35.

Bill from Judiciary com. providing for the government and care of lunatics, idiots and spendthrifts—read twice and ordered to be printed.

Com. on Incorporation other than Banks reported favorably on petition of First Baptist Church of Middletown for privilege in holding property, &c. The bill came from the Senate negatived, but the House passed it—132 to 35.

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Poetry.

"The Night Cometh."

By MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

Ye, who in the field of human life
Quickeing seeds of wisdom fain would sow,
Pause not for the angry tempest's strife,
Shrink not from the noon tide's fervid glow—
Labor on, while yet the light of day
Sheds abroad its pure and blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Ye, who at man's mightiest engine stand,
Moulding noble thought into opinion,
Oh, stay not, for weariness, your hand,
Till ye fix the bounds of truth's dominion;
Labor on, while yet the light of day
Sheds upon your toil its blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Ye, to whom a prophet voice is given,
Stirring men as by a trumpet's call,
Utter forth the oracles of Heaven—
Earth gives back the echoes as they fall;
Rouse the world's great heart, while yet the day
Breaks life's slumber with its blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Ye, who in home's narrow circle dwell, [hearth,
Where Love's flame lights up the household
Weave the silken bond, and frame the spell,
Binding heart to heart throughout the earth;
Pleasant toil is yours: the light of day
On nought holier sheds its blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Diverse though our paths in life may be,
Each is sent some mission to fulfill;
Fellow-workers in the world are we,
While we seek to do our Master's will;
But our doom is labor, while the day
Points us to our task, with blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

[Literary World.]

Benevolence.

Oh, let us never lightly fling
A barb of woe to another;
Oh, never let us hasten to bring
The cup of sorrow to a brother.
Each has the power to wound—but he
Who wounds that he may witness pain,
Has learnt no law of Charity,
Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.
"Tis godlike to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue;
But not to wound—not to annoy,
Is part of virtue's lesson too;
Peace, winged in fairer worlds above,
Shall bend her down and brighten this,
When all man's labor to love,
And all his thoughts—a brother's bliss.

Religious & Moral.

Christmas Evans.

We take the following biographical notice of this wonderful man, from the New Orleans Protestant. It will be read with interest.

We had the pleasure last week of recommending to our readers the life and sermons of Christmas Evans, but it is highly probable that some who saw that notice never heard of the man before. Christmas Evans was a Welshman, and to most of us Wales is an unexplored region. It is as truly a terra incognita as the interior of Africa. There is more accuracy in our maps, but not more real knowledge of the country. The author of these sermons was born on the 25th of December, 1776, in Cardiganshire, South Wales. He was the child of poor parents, who had not the means of educating their children, and he had passed the age of seventeen before he could read a word. When nine years of age his father died, and he was sent to an uncle, a very wicked man, where he was exposed to the dreadful influence of evil example. He afterwards lived as a servant with several farmers in his native parish.—We have seen a history of this portion of his life, written by himself, in his own vigorous, glowing style. He describes himself as a monster of depravity, as the slave of evil passions, and subject to most of the vices of youth. We know not whether he was really as much worse than others as he represents himself to have been, or whether he was looking upon his youthful career through the telescope of an aged Christian. As he possessed an ardent temperament, with a powerful physical development, and was exposed to many temptations, it is probable that he was a wild, ungovernable youth. But God had great things in store for him. At the age of eighteen he became convinced of his lost estate as a sinner, and joined the Armenian Presbyterians—for strange to tell, the Presbyterians of Wales are Armenians, and the Methodists are Calvinists.

He subsequently joined himself to the Calvinistic Baptists, among whom he labored with wonderful success for upwards of fifty years. He died at the advanced age of 73, in 1838—not quite ten years ago.—Christmas Evans was a man of devoted piety. During the greater part of his long ministerial life, he maintained constant communion with his God, but he was more remarkable for his truly wonderful powers as an orator. He was one of those extraordinary men whom God raises up at long intervals, to astonish, delight, and bless his church. He wrote and preached in his native language, the Welsh, and the sermons which we have, labor under all the disadvantages of translation. Yet we have enough to convince us that when delivered in the original, with the aid of his commanding person, fine voice, and warm heart, the effect of his sermons must have been powerful beyond description. The people flocked in thousands to hear him, and we

are told that on one occasion, when he preached his sermon on the subject of the demoniac of Gadara, of which we have a meagre sketch, "During the first half hour, the people seemed like an assembly in a theatre, delighted with an amusing play;—after that, like a community in mourning over some great and good man, cut off by a sudden calamity; and at last, like the inhabitants of a city shaken by an earthquake, rushing into the streets, falling upon the earth, and screaming and calling upon God."

The Chequered Scenes of Life.

Human life is made up of expectations and disappointments. The pulses of the heart are alternately the vibrations of hope, and the palpitations of alarm; the prospect of futurity, which was yesterday so fair, is to-day become dark and obscure; the clouds hang heavily upon it: its features are invisible or indistinct, and the grossness of the medium through which they are beheld, if indeed they are seen at all, has distorted and deformed them. The man, who, but a short time back, desired to fix his residence forever in this fluctuating and eventful state of existence, in the bitterness of his spirit, is now crying, "Let me die, for I am not better than my fathers."

And did he expect to be better? What folly! what madness was this! Human life, simply considered, is the same in all ages; the rose has always been guarded with thorns; and he who would pluck the one, has grasped the other, to his "wounding and his hurt." The path through this wilderness continues to present the appearance which it ever wore. Sometimes it is strewed with flowers, and at others it is beset with briars. A part of the traveler's way lies through well watered plots, overshadowed, and pleasant as the garden of God; and a part, over horrid deserts frightful for solitude, without an object to charm the eye on the burning and sandy waste. He can neither tarry on the one, nor avoid the other.

To select either of these parts of the road which he is required to travel, would be an unjust and unequal specimen of the whole; yet, this unfair description of the country over which we are passing, is most usually given. Our representations of it are always partial, and often false, because we describe life under circumstances which are continually shifting; we judge under the influence of present feelings, and our feelings are perpetually fluctuating. When we speak of our comforts, or of our afflictions, it is usually in the language of the passions, and the language of the passions is every thing but accurate. This is the reason why one man paints human life as all misery, and another all gaiety. Neither of these can be deemed a faithful delineation.

The coloring of the one is too high; the glowing tint that overspreads the piece, is too warm for the original: the other dips his pencil in the preparation of melancholy; a mass of shade deforms the picture; and the whole effect is too dark and gloomy. If we would correct our style, we must learn from the execution of an inspired pencil. Whenever this is employed, the face of nature is faithfully portrayed.—Nothing is softened; nor is there a harshness introduced into the piece, unknown to the original. Life is represented as it really is, and not as it appears to the human imagination, dazzled by the false coloring of hope, or dismayed by the dismal shadow of melancholy.—*Collier.*

Remarkable Deliverance.

We met the following singular narrative, the other day, in the volume of a Canadian missionary who has recently published certain reminiscences of his life and labors. The story is well told, and the incident which forms its subject, whether called "accidental" or "providential," was certainly remarkable.—*Col. Ade.*

"About this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. M——, a respectable farmer, who had died at one of my out-settlements a few months before. He had left a widow, a very amiable and pious woman, and three children to mourn his loss. The lone widow thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was now selling everything off except a little furniture. After the sale was over I went into the house to see her. I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortable, not only in being relieved from the cares of a business she could not be supposed to understand, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state in that lonely house she could hardly enjoy.

"Oh! no," she said, "not unprotected; far from it! You forget," she continued with a mournful smile, "that I am now under the special protection of Him who careth for the fatherless and the widow," and I feel quite confident that He will protect me."

"And he did protect them, and that very night, in a most extraordinary and wonderful, and I may add, miraculous manner. The farm house was a solitary one; there was not another within half a mile of it.—That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale.—The mother and the three young children, and a maid servant, were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast.

"This kept the poor mother awake, and she thought she heard, in the pauses of the tempest, some strange and unusual noise, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in the front of

the house immediately beneath the bed-chamber. This alarmed her still more, as she had no dog of their own.

"She immediately arose, and going to her maid's room awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the theatre, delighted with an amusing play;—after that, like a community in mourning over some great and good man, cut off by a sudden calamity; and at last, like the inhabitants of a city shaken by an earthquake, rushing into the streets, falling upon the earth, and screaming and calling upon God."

"She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation; when the dog rushed out, and the widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident, from the occasional yelping of the noble animal, that he sometimes had the worst of it.

"The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M—— could hear only now and then a faint and distant bark.

The robbers, or perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastening of the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose.

The mistress and maid got a light, and secured the window as well as they could.

"They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was out of the question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, when he came in wagging his bushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prows.

"He then stretched his huge bulk, at full length, beside the warm stove, closed his eyes, and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him a breakfast any dog might have envied; after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterward.

"They had never seen the dog before, nor did they ever know to whom he belonged. It was a very singular circumstance, and they could only suppose that he came with some stranger to the sale. The family moved the following day to their new cottage in the village; and when my wife and I called upon them, Mrs. M. reminded me that, when I last saw her, she had told me that, when I last saw her, she had told me that we were not unprotected."

Popery and Human Nature.

The greatest difficulty in contending with popery, is its extreme adaptation to the corruption of our fallen nature. It has that wherewithal it can meet every desire of the natural man, and soothe every anxiety about the soul. For the literate, it has prodigious stores of learning; for the illiterate, it has its images, pomp and shows; for the self-righteous, it has its innumerable ways of external service; for the most devout, it has its unceasing prayers; for the musician, it has the most exquisite chants and anthems; for the painter, the most splendid efforts of human art; for the imaginative, all the visions of fancy—it's gloomy cloisters, lights and processions, and incense, and beautiful churches with painted windows, and priests with splendid garments, and varied dresses. To quiet the conscience, it has doctrines of human merit and works of supererogation; to alarm the indifferent, it has fears of purgatory; to raise the priesthood, they can make a little flour and water into a God, and will themselves worship what they make; to give ease to the conscience of the man of the world, and the lover of pleasure, each sin has its indulgence and penance. All men, at times, are under fears of God's wrath, their conscience is touched; they are in anxiety; and at such times popery comes in and gives them a sop that satisfies them for the moment, and sends them into the sleep of death. It covers every lust; it calms every fear. It is the devil's cunning device of twelve hundred year's growth, for lending countless millions to perdition.—Let us not be ignorant of its devices.—*Rev. E. Bickersteth.*

Common Sense.

One trait of a sound mind, of great importance to a reformer, is good common sense. I do not mean by this, mere ordinary capacities of mind, but a delicate mental quality, that acts as the hair-spring to the entire machinery within. And what is more necessary in a successful reformer than this trait. Without it the clock-work in man runs strangely irregular. Common sense gives us familiarity with the avenues to the common heart. It sees and touches the hidden springs of human nature. It is conversant with the true relations of human life. It gives to man the power of adaptation to all necessities and circumstances. It is consistent and discriminating in all its observations. Like instinct, it acts by a sort of intuition, without going through the slow processes of reasoning. Like conscience, it arrives at results, without a conscious course of argumentation. It is the instinct, the conscience of rational nature. Under its influence the intellect acts in a right direction, and the conduct and conversation are rendered consistent and agreeable by the spontaneous force of this invisible regulator of mind. As the conscience, by a kind of moral intuition, discovers the obligations that result from the natural relations of man, so the faculty of common sense, if faculty you may call it—of others than exert themselves."

"This kept the poor mother awake, and she thought she heard, in the pauses of the tempest, some strange and unusual noise, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in the front of

suggests the legitimate bearings and relations of things in the great world around us. It instinctively perceives the relation between cause and effect, and appreciates the obvious fitness of things. He who has this rare trait of mind has the power to make principles practical and to apply general rules to particular cases. He rarely falls into mistakes and inconsistencies.

Where, in all the world is good common sense more needed, than in the responsibilities connected with changing the habits and hearts of men. He who is deficient in this gift of nature will labor in vain in the work of reforming human nature. What is more essential in reform than that which acquaints us with men and things, and shows us the avenues to the human heart? What more important than the power which touches the various springs of human action. How essential in the work of moral change is that sense which discovers the diversified relations of men, and enables us to adapt ourselves usefully to the exigencies and constitutions around us. Who, more than the practical reformer, needs to see the precise relation between cause and effect, means and end, and appreciate the proper fitness of things. Who, most of all men, needs to shun the improprieties into which men are prone to fall. The true reformer needs to understand the art of applying principles to particular circumstances, and adapting general rules to particular cases. Without a pretty good share of common sense, he never could possess that art.—*Chr. Mirror.*

American Battles.

Comparative less of the Battles of the Revolution, arranged according to priority.

British loss. Am. loss.

Lexington, Apr. 19, 1775,	273	84
Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775,	1054	453
Flatbush, Aug. 12, 1776,	400	200
White Plains, Aug. 26, 1776,	400	400
Trenton, Dec. 25, 1776,	1000	9
Princeton, Jan. 5, 1777,	400	100
Hubbardston, Aug. 7, 1777,	180	800
Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777,	800	100
Brandywine, Sept. 11, 1777,	500	1200
Stillwater, Sept. 17, 1777,	600	350
Germanantown, Oct. 4, 1777,	600	1200
Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777,	5752 sur.	211
Red Hook, Oct. 22, 1777,	500	32
Monmouth, June 25, 1778,	400	130
Rhode Island, Aug. 27, 1778,	260	100
Briar Creek, March 30, 1779,	13	400
Stony Point, July 15, 1779,	600	100
Camden, Aug. 16, 1780,	375	610
King's Mountain, Oct. 1, do. 950	96	72
Cowpens, Jan. 17, 1781,	800	72
Guilford, C. H., March 15, do. 523	400	100
Hobkirk's Hill, April 25, 1781, 400	400	100
Eutaw Springs, Sept. 8, 1781,	1000	550
Yorktown, Oct. 19, 1781,	7072 sur.	100
Total,	24,833	9,697

Contingencies.

Our friend Cist resumed some weeks ago the publication of his Advertiser, in Cincinnati. He is a captain in his way. He can knit up more queer things, and tell more interesting and quaint yarns, than anybody we know. Few remarkable out-of-the-way things, past or present, escape him. The following is only a specimen:—*Louisville Democrat.*

During the presidential canvass of 1840, the office of the Cincinnati Republican, was kept in the room I occupy in Jones' building, opposite the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Co. Bank. Col. Todd, the editor, had been the aid-de-camp of Gen. Harrison during the war of 1812, and the General made this editorial sanctum a species of head-quarters, on his visit to Cincinnati, during that period of excitement. General Harrison, on one occasion, had been writing a letter at a desk in one part of the office, and just stepped across the room to get a wafer to seal it, from Col. Todd, when a mass of plaster from the ceiling, two feet in diameter, and so thick the entire piece probably weighed forty pounds, fell upon the spot he had just left. The space laid bare is visible to this date. He was bare-headed at the time, and had the falling mass struck him, it would undoubtedly have cost his life.

On the sealing of that letter, depended, in all probability, not only the political revolution of 1840, but the elevation of John Tyler, the successor of James K. Polk, the annexation of Texas, and the present war with Mexico, perhaps to the elevation to the presidency of Gen. Taylor, in 1845, and successive dependencies in the great chain of cause and effect.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.—The dismal monotony of our Irish intelligence is agreeably relieved this morning by a very unexpected novelty. It is absolutely startling in its extraordinary singularity. A Roman Catholic clergyman, in a discourse from the pulpit, is reported to have lectured his flock upon their ignorance and indolence. His language is nothing short of high treason against the Irish character; "interested and designing knaves," says this apostle of truth, "have told you, you were the finest peasantry on earth; those who told you so were imposters. You are a patient people, warm hearted and religious; but you are an unenlightened people, are not educated, and a very few degrees removed from barbarism. The time is arrived when you must help yourselves, and the first step to that is to till the ground. Sympathizing nations feel your sufferings, and are ready to assist you. But if you do not shake off this apathy, this torpor, which seems to be taking possession of your very souls, and do all in your power to produce food for the next year, instead of exciting their sympathy, you will become a by-word to the nations of the earth, as a lazy, indolent, mean people, who would rather trust to the bounty of common sense, if faculty you may call it—of others than exert themselves."

place where this took place was Tralee, an assize town, a few miles north of the Lakes of Killarney, but situated in a poor and ill-cultivated country. The Very Rev. Dr. M'Enery was the clergyman, and his name deserves to be enrolled among the benefactors of his country.—*London Times.*

Costume of Former